

FAMILY GUY

"Stewie B. Goode"

(fka "Queer as Stewie")

Production #4ACX05

Written by

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&

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Directed by

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Created by

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Executive Producers

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TABLE DRAFT

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**“STEWIE B. GOODE”
(fka “Queer As Stewie”)**

CAST LIST FOR #4ACX05:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN
MEG GRIFFIN.....MILA KUNIS
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE

ATTRACTIVE WAITRESS.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
BARBRA STREISAND.....ALEX BORSTEIN
BRAD.....TBD (SUB: SETH GREEN)
BRAD’S MOM.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
BUNDLE OF STICKS.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
CASPER.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
CHARLIE.....SETH MACFARLANE
CLERK.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
CLEVELAND.....MIKE HENRY
CLEVELAND JR.....MIKE HENRY
DETECTIVE.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
DETECTIVE SCROTES.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)
DIANE.....LORI ALAN (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
DIRECTOR.....TBD (SUB: MARK HENTEMANN)
HORACE.....JOHNNY BRENNAN (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
HUSBAND.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
INDIANA JONES.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
JANITOR.....MIKE HENRY
KATE CAPSHAW.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
LOUIE ANDERSON.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
MAITRE’D.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
MAYOR WEST.....ADAM WEST (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
MICHAEL CHIKLIS.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
MR. TAYLOR.....SETH MACFARLANE
NICK NOLTE.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
OLLIE WILLIAMS.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
OLIVIA.....RACHAEL MACFARLANE (SUB: BRANDEE STILWELL)
PROMETHEUS GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
PROMO ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE
ROGER MOORE.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
ROSEANNE.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)

SARAH.....ALEX BORSTEIN
STATION MANAGER.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
STEVE.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
STEVE ALLEN.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
STORMTROOPER.....TBD (SUB: STEVE CALLAGHAN)
SWIM INSTRUCTOR.....TBD (SUB: GARY JANETTI)
TOM'S ASSISTANT.....SETH GREEN
TOM TUCKER.....SETH MACFARLANE
SARAH.....ALEX BORSTEIN

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. COMMUNITY SWIMMING POOL - DAY

The GRIFFINS, IN BATHING SUITS, and the rest of the Quahogians are enjoying a day at the community pool.

ANGLE ON the bottom half of a curved slide that spills into the pool. OLIVIA (from 3acx11) **slides down and into the pool.**

OLIVIA

Whee!

CHARLIE (from 3acx02) **slides down** after her.

CHARLIE

Yeaa!

PETER (O.S.)

(GLEEFUL) Yeaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa... (TURNS

TO PAINED AGONY) ...ooooooooow!

We hear the **scraping of flesh on dried plastic** as Peter goes down head-first, wedged in the slide, **screeching** to a stop, his bathing suit starting to fall off.

ANGLE ON Chris as he stands on the diving board.

CHRIS

Mom, look! Mom! MOM!

He does an amazing triple spinning somersault **into the pool.**

CHRIS (CONT'D)

How was that?

LOIS

You came out of the third somersault a little late for my taste, but what do I know? It's been so long since I qualified for the Olympics.

CHRIS

You were in the Olympics?

LOIS

I was going to be, but I got pregnant
with Meg and couldn't go. My friend
Nancy went and took home the gold.

(DARKENING) I have always hated her
for taking that moment away from me.

Long pause.

MEG

You're talking about Nancy, right?

LOIS

Try again, Chris!

ANGLE ON Brian standing at the edge of the pool, casually
drinking a fruity drink with an umbrella in it.

ANGLE ON Peter, as he stops Meg, who's walking past.

PETER

Meg, go crouch down behind Brian. I'm
gonna push him in the pool.

MEG

(LAUGHING) Okay.

Meg sneaks behind Brian and gets down on all fours behind
him. Peter charges at Brian who nonchalantly steps out of
the way, causing Peter to **violently knee** Meg in the side of
the head.

MEG (CONT'D)

Ow, Dad! Ow! God! (STARTS CRYING)

PETER

(MUTTERING, JUMPING AROUND) Ow!

Dammit! Ah! Meg, you did it wrong!

ANGLE ON Quagmire emerging from the pump house with a GIRL.

QUAGMIRE

See you later, honey. Well, guess I
can't go swimming for half an hour.

Giggedy-giggedy-giggedy-giggedy-goo!

Quagmire runs off.

ANGLE ON Stewie sitting on a chaise lounge. HE HAS ZINC ON
HIS NOSE and is holding a sun reflector. HE WEARS
SUNGLASSES. Peter approaches.

PETER

Hey, Stewie, how about daddy takes you
for a swim?

STEWIE

Go. Away. Fat man.

PETER

Aw, you're not afraid of a little
water, are you?

STEWIE

This swimsuit's more for sunbathing
than actual swimming. Once it gets
wet, it hangs funny. I'm all thighs
and ass.

Peter picks him up and heads to the pool.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Aaa! What do you think you're doing?
No means no!

LOIS

Peter, don't force him.

BRIAN

You know, Peter, the best way to get
them to learn to swim is just to throw
them in. Go on, throw him in. Do it.

PETER

You're right, Brian. Okay, here goes!

Peter goes to throw him in, but Stewie has a death grip on his arm. Peter tries to shake him off.

PETER (CONT'D)

(SHAKING) Come on, Stewie! In -- the -- pool!

STEWIE

No, I don't want to die! I want to live! Live!

LOIS

Peter, stop it.

Lois grabs Stewie.

LOIS (CONT'D)

He's never going to learn like that. Maybe this summer he should take swim lessons. Would you like that, Stewie?

STEWIE

Hmm. Well, I guess it couldn't be worse than that summer I spent in India.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

INDIANA JONES, KATE CAPSHAW and STEWIE AS SHORT ROUND (as in "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom") stand in a small cavern.

INDIANA JONES

Whatever you do, Short Round, don't touch anything.

SHORT ROUND STEWIE

Okay, Doctor Jones, I no touch anything.

Short Round Stewie leans against a button on the wall. Suddenly, the ceiling starts **descending** as spikes **emerge** from it.

KATE CAPSHAW

(SCREAMING) Indy!

SHORT ROUND STEWIE

Oh, I so comedically clumsy.

EXT./ESTAB. BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO - DAY

INT. BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO - SAME

A CLERK stands behind the counter. Peter enters the video store and looks around, surprised.

PETER

Hey, look at this place. What happened to Sal's Video?

CLERK

We bought them out two weeks ago. Welcome to Blockbuster Video, fifty thousand stores nationwide.

PETER

Yeah, well, I used to come into Sal's once or twice a week to rent movies from his... (HINTING) "back room," know what I mean? A room for... "adults only," catch my drift? The kind of movies where (STILL HINTING) they're X-rated pornos and people fornicate for the camera and full penetration is shown, no matter where or in what fashion the bodily fluids are spilled, get my meaning?

CLERK

Oh, I'm sorry, but Blockbuster Video takes a strong moral stance against pornography, open-mindedness and non-Christians.

PETER

Oh yeah? Then why do you rent "Prince of Tides?" Barbra Streisand is Jewish.

CLERK

We edit some of our movies.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

NICK NOLTE sits in a comfortable chair.

NICK NOLTE

I think I'm in love with you, Doctor.

ANGLE ON BARBRA STREISAND. Her nose is blurred out as she consoles Nick Nolte.

BARBRA STREISAND

No, Tom, you're wrong. You don't love me. You love the idea of me.

INT. BLOCKBUSTER VIDEO - CONTINUOUS (BACK TO SCENE)

TOM TUCKER enters. He walks up to the clerk and talks into his hand as if it's a microphone.

TOM

Hello, I'm Tom Tucker with the Channel 5 News team. We're here live, doing an on-the-scene exposé and self-inspection of your pornography section.

CLERK

(LOOKS AROUND) Uh, I don't see any cameras.

TOM

(TURNS TO A PLANT) You heard it here, folks, pornography is serious business. (THEN, TO CLERK) Now, if you could take us into your back room and guide us to the "Women on Women" section, or the "Black Transsexuals Having Sex With White Self-Hating Newscasters" section.

PETER

Save your money, Tucker, this place doesn't have porn -- they think it's immoral. (TO CLERK) You know, that really grinds my gears. Where exactly in the Bible does it say a man can't "choke Kojak" in the privacy of his own neighbor's living room while his neighbor's at work because I don't have a DVD player? Well, I don't know where it says it because the Bible is way too long to read. Which makes me wonder: if God really wanted you to read his book, why not add a scratch 'n sniff section? Or give it a great twist at the end like "Primal Fear" where it turns out Ed Norton is not retarded?

MR. TAYLOR (from Meg's high school, from episode 2acx08) looks up, holding a copy of "Primal Fear."

MR. TAYLOR

Thanks, jagoff.

Mr. Taylor **throws** down the video and looks for another.

TOM

(TO PETER) That was quite a rant there. You know, we're looking for an everyman to rant about petty nonsensical irritants to replace our "Spotlight on the Middle East" segment.

PETER

Hey, I'd be great at that! (THEN)
Would I have to go to the mid-east?

TOM

(CHUCKLING) Of course not. Like I said, this is a -- why, would you?

PETER

(QUICKLY) No.

TOM

So, will you take the job?

PETER

You bet I'll take it. I've been dying to get back on television since I got fired off "Roseanne."

INT. ROSEANNE SET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter stands in the kitchen, facing ROSEANNE.

PETER

Hey, Rosie, have you seen Darlene?

ROSEANNE

(INCOMPREHENSIBLE BITCHING) ...and junk.

PETER

Uh... I don't -- I can't -- what?

INT. BLOCKBUSTER - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

PETER

Besides, ranting on TV will be easy.

This world is filled with irritating
jerks.

Peter glances over and sees Mr. Taylor in the video aisle, as he reaches one-by-one for "Jagged Edge," "Die Harder," and "Signs."

PETER (CONT'D)

(QUICKLY) Jeff Bridges did it. (THEN)

(THEN) The black guy from "Good Times"
is a bad guy. (THEN) There's no twist
in that one, it just sucks.

MR. TAYLOR

Damn you!

Mr. Taylor storms out.

EXT. COMMUNITY SWIMMING POOL - DAY

It's the day of Stewie's first swim lesson. Lois and Stewie are in the swimming pool with other PARENTS and TODDLERS. The parents all hold their babies gently in front of them as the babies make tiny movements with their arms and feet. A good-looking SWIM INSTRUCTOR faces them and addresses a toddler, BRAD, and BRAD'S MOM.

SWIM INSTRUCTOR

That's great, Brad. You're almost
ready for the swim team.

STEWIE, IN DUCKY WATER WINGS AND A NOSE PLUG, clings close to Lois.

LOIS

Come on, Stewie, don't be afraid.
It's just water, it's not going to
bite.

STEWIE

Shut up. I know it's not going to bite, stupid. What a stupid thing to say. You drown in it, you moron, it doesn't have to bite you.

The Swim Instructor comes up to them.

SWIM INSTRUCTOR

How's he doing?

LOIS

I think he's afraid of the water.

STEWIE

I thought I told you to shut up. How would you like that left breast jammed right down your throat?

SWIM INSTRUCTOR

Hey, little guy, take a look at Brad over there. He's my star pupil. See how brave he is?

Brad looks at Stewie and **laughs**.

STEWIE

What was that? Are you laughing at me? You better rethink that, buddy. I will kick your ass.

SWIM INSTRUCTOR

Okay, parents, next week's the toddler swim meet. It's gonna be a lot of fun.

Brad is swimming well. Stewie looks at him. They catch eyes. Stewie mouths the word "asshole."

INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family, minus Peter, is having dinner. Stewie flips through a book called, "The Mechanics of Swimming." TINY READING GLASSES REST ON HIS NOSE. Brian turns to him.

BRIAN

So, you had some trouble at the pool today. I can't imagine why you had a hard time keeping your head above water. Maybe because... (A LA STEVE MARMEL) it's gargantuan.

STEWIE

(NOT LOOKING UP FROM BOOK) Because it's so filled with brains.

BRIAN

Good comeback.

CHRIS

I heard Olympic swimmers shave all the hair off their head and their private areas so they'll move faster.

STEWIE

Look, I don't need some stupid gimmick. As soon as I improve my technique, I'll take care of Brad like I did that annoying Casper.

EXT. STREET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Stewie holds a rubber ball, preparing to throw it.

STEWIE

Casper! Go long!

ANGLE ON CASPER, a little boy, as he backs up to catch the pass, eventually backing off-screen where we hear a **yelp**, followed by a **huge car crash**, followed by subsequent **crashes** and **explosions**.

ANGLE ON Stewie, watching wide-eyed. After a beat, CASPER THE FRIENDLY GHOST floats back into frame.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Sorry about that, man. Are you dead?

CASPER

Yeah, whatever, it's cool.

INT. GRIFFINS DINING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter enters and sits down.

BRIAN

Peter, shouldn't you be getting ready
for your first news segment?

PETER

Yeah, I'm a little nervous, though.
I'm not sure what to talk about.

MEG

You could talk about me!

PETER

(SARCASTIC) Oh, okay, honey. I'll
talk about you. "I'm Meg, I go to
school, I wear glasses."

Peter and the family all share a **hearty laugh**.

STEWIE

Spot on. Spot on.

After a beat, Meg **forces a laugh**.

LOIS

Oh, Peter, it's so exciting -- your
own segment on the local news. You
know, you could really contribute
something valuable to society.

PETER

Wow, you really think so?

LOIS

Not really, no. But hopefully you
won't embarrass yourself like you did
the time we were on that game show.

INT. FAMILY FEUD SET - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The Griffin family stands on their side of the stage. LOUIE
ANDERSON is talking to Peter.

LOUIE ANDERSON

Name something you take on a picnic.

A beat, while Peter thinks. Then:

PETER

Hey, whatever happened to Ray Combs?

That guy was hysterical.

The stage goes silent. Brian leans in and whispers into
Peter's ear.

PETER (CONT'D)

Yeah, right. Career suicide maybe if
he walked away from this job.

Seriously, what happened to that guy?

We hear a **quiet sob** off-stage.

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Tom and DIANE are at the anchor desk.

DIANE

In other news, after several grueling
days of frightening uncertainty, I
finally get my period.

TOM

Well, Diane, I'm sure you and your
brother must be devastated by the loss
of the two-headed offspring that might
have been.

Diane shoots daggers at him.

TOM (CONT'D)

We now go to Peter Griffin for "You
Know What Really Grinds my Gears?"

CUT TO PETER, WEARING NEWSCASTER ATTIRE, sitting at another anchor desk.

PETER

Thanks, Tom. Y'know what really
grinds my gears? People who think
they're funny when they're not. You
know, people who say crap like, "You
working hard or hardly working?" I
just wanna punch 'em in the face. Or
people who say, "Hey, is it hot enough
for you?" Yeah, you know what? It
is. And why don't you shut the
f(BLEEP) up? And speaking of jokes,
you know what else grinds my gears?
Nobody's come up with a new Polish
joke in, like, thirty years. I mean,
how'd the Polish guy get water all
over him? Because he wanted a drink
and didn't use a glass. Didn't know
how to use one. He was so stupid, he
didn't know what it was. Is it
perfect? No. But I don't see you
coming up with anything. And that,
people, is what really grinds my
gears. Tom?

INT. GRIFFINS' UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Brian's **knocking** on the bathroom door.

BRIAN

Come on, you gonna be all day?

STEWIE (O.S.)

I'm brushing my teeth.

BRIAN

You only have, like, two of them, I
mean how long--

Brian opens the door and walks in.

INT. UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian enters to find Stewie standing on the counter with shaving cream all over his legs and ass and a razor in his hand. There is a bare line where he started to shave his ass. It appears he's already shaven the few hairs on his head. Stewie freezes. Brian turns away horrified.

BRIAN

Oh, god.

STEWIE

Oh, hey.

Brian turns his gaze to the ceiling.

BRIAN

Um... wow. Uh, doing a little hair
removal there?

STEWIE

Oh, uh, yeah. You know, feel free to
say no to this, but... would you shave
my "coin purse?"

BRIAN

"Coin purse?" (BEAT, REALIZES) Oh, oh,
oh. No way, man. Holy freaking god.

Brian exits.

STEWIE

You don't have to be so uptight about it.

Stewie does one hand movement.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

There we are. Balder than Michael Chiklis. And bears him an odd resemblance, too... I say, they could be brothers.

INT. "THE SHIELD" STRIKE TEAM HEADQUARTERS - DAY (CUTAWAY)

MICHAEL CHIKLIS is walking through headquarters.

PROMO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Detective Vic Mackey has finally met his match. Just when you thought "The Shield" couldn't get any more intense...

A DETECTIVE calls out to Michael Chiklis.

DETECTIVE

Hey, Mackey, your brother's here.

MICHAEL CHIKLIS

I'm sorry, Detective, (OVERLY

DRAMATIC) I don't have a brother.

Suddenly DETECTIVE SCROTES enters -- it looks like a bald scrotum, with a shoulder holster.

DETECTIVE SCROTES

Hello, Vic.

Michael Chiklis is taken aback.

MICHAEL CHIKLIS

Detective Scrotes. I told you I never wanted to see you again.

DETECTIVE SCROTES

Yeah? Well, I got a listening problem.

Detective Scrotes takes a drink of water and **crumples** up the styrofoam cup and tosses it in the waste can.

EXT. COMMUNITY SWIMMING POOL - DAY

It is the day of the toddler swim meet. The family sits on the bleachers. The toddlers and their parents stand at the edge of the pool. Lois and Stewie stand next to Brad and his mother.

LOIS

Your little boy is so cute, and such a good swimmer.

BRAD'S MOM

Oh, he's not really my little boy.
He's adopted. My real children are in our pool at home, but thank you.

The swim instructor walks up to the swimmers.

SWIM INSTRUCTOR

Okay, we're going to have our first fun little race. When I blow this whistle, I want all the parents to throw their children into the pool. If your child doesn't resurface right away, they're probably just trying to get attention. Wait several minutes before alerting one of the staff at the front desk. Ready?

BRAD

Good luck, Stewie.

STEWIE

(FALSETTO) Good luck, Stewie. (THEN)

That's you. That's what you sound
like.

The swim instructor blows his **whistle** and the mothers drop their kids in the pool. Stewie is all smiles as he falls through the air, but when he **hits the pool**, he sinks like a bag of rocks.

STEWIE'S POV UNDERWATER: Everything's silent. He struggles to get back to the surface. He bobs up for a second and the sound of the crowd and the other kids swimming returns.

STEWIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You're mine, Brad! (GURGLES)

Stewie goes under the water again. Again, everything goes silent, and he can see the other kids swimming away from him. He bobs up again, hits the surface of the water and flails.

STEWIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Almost, almost. (THEN, GOING UNDER AGAIN)

Damn, damn, damn, damn (GURGLES).

He goes under again. Spins upside down, rights himself, then, bobs back up to the surface. Suddenly a hand reaches down and pulls him up.

LOIS

I've got you, Sweetie.

STEWIE

(SPUTTERING) Pfffft! Blrrrrp! Kaaak!

He looks up and Brad is finishing first down at the other end. As his mother pulls him out of the pool, Brad **laughs happily**.

BRAD'S MOM

Way to go, honey! Another first
place.

STEWIE

Blast! I've been beaten like Lionel

(EXTENDED COUGHING AND SPUTTERING)

Richie.

EXT. COMMUNITY SWIMMING POOL - LATER

It's after the swim meet. All the mothers are lavishing praise on Brad.

MOTHERS

Good for you, Brad! / Oh, isn't he
adorable! / He's much better than my
kids.

ANGLE ON Stewie attaching explosives to the base of the lifeguard tower.

STEWIE

So you think you can make me look like
a fool, do you, you little bastard?
Well, guess again!

Stewie places a piece of candy on the ground in front of the tower, then walks over to Brad.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Oh, Brad! There's a piece of marzipan
over there for you.

Brad walks over to the candy. As he does, Stewie takes out a remote control detonator. As Brad picks up the candy and eats it, Stewie **presses** the detonator. Nothing happens.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

What the deuce?

He **presses** it again **a few times**. Nothing happens. Brad walks away. In frustration, Stewie races back over to the lifeguard tower, aims the remote at it and starts **pressing furiously**. The **explosives** go off and the lifeguard tower **falls** straight at Stewie.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

AAAAAAA!!

CLOSE ON Stewie, as he looks up.

STEWIE'S POV: The tower comes at him.

BLACK.

INT. HELL - ETERNAL DAY

It looks like a motel room. Stewie sits on the bed.
There's a sign on the wall that says "Welcome to Hell."

STEWIE

Hell? Oh, that's a bit much, don't
you think? I mean, sure, I've spent
my life trying to kill my mother but
who hasn't?

A beat. Stewie looks around.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

You know, really, for hell, this isn't
that bad.

STEVE ALLEN enters through a doorway.

STEVE ALLEN

Hi, there, I'm Steve Allen.

STEWIE

Oh, hello.

Steve Allen pulls down his pants.

STEVE ALLEN

All right, let's do this.

Stewie **yelps** in horror.

EXT. COMMUNITY SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Lois and all the parents circle around the busted-up tower.
Stewie crawls out from underneath.

LOIS

Stewie!!!!

Lois grabs Stewie and hugs him.

STEWIE

I'm alive! I'm alive!

LOIS

Oh, Stewie! My baby! I thought I
lost you!

Lois kisses him all over.

STEWIE

I can't believe it. All these years,
I thought I was living in hell, but it
gets so much worse. This is a sign.
This is the universe's way of telling
me to repent for all my nefarious
misdeeds. Well, this warning will not
go unheeded. From this moment
forward, Stewart Gilligan Griffin will
change his ways.

Seeing Stewie's hug, Brad holds out his arms to his mother.

BRAD

Mommy, can I have a hug, too?

BRAD'S MOM

Oh, honey, I don't wanna give my real
children your cold.

BRAD

Fair enough.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - DAY

Stewie is pulling a cookie sheet from the oven. HE WEARS OVEN MITTS. Brian and Meg enter.

STEWIE

Morning, Brian, Meg. Beautiful day,
isn't it? The kind of day that makes
you glad to be alive. I made fudge.

MEG

Stewie, you shouldn't play near the
oven. You could get hurt.

STEWIE

(TOUCHED REALIZATION) You're a thoughtful
girl, aren't you? Someday one special
boy is going to look beneath the surface,
Meg. I really believe that.

Brian sniffs the fudge, suspiciously. Meg exits.

BRIAN

What are you doing, poisoning Lois
again?

STEWIE

(GENTLY) Brian, sit down, will you?

Brian sits at the table. Stewie's about to sit, then:

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Coffee?

BRIAN

Uh... sure.

STEWIE

Cream, two sugars, right?

Brian nods. Stewie hands him a mug of coffee and sits.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Brian, I don't want to poison anybody, especially Lois. I mean, the plain fact is, she's really got her hands full. I mean, three kids, a household to run, and I think she's doing a darned good job. You know what I want to do now? Enjoy a rainbow. Feel the sun on my cheeks. Bake bread.

BRIAN

Okay, kid, look, just because you had a near death experience doesn't mean you have to change your entire life. (SIPS COFFEE, THEN) How long has this coffee been sitting there?

STEWIE

(TAKING MUG) Give me that, I'll put on a fresh pot.

Stewie begins making coffee during the following.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

The thing is, when I died, I got a glimpse of where I was going and I did not like it one bit. I've been forced to look at my life, and, well, I've had to ask myself some hard questions. (THEN) Should I make a whole pot?

BRIAN

Yeah, Peter'll have some.

STEWIE

Right. Where was I? Oh, yes, hard questions. Well, I haven't liked the answers to some of those questions.

Stewie **switches** the coffee pot on and returns to the table.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Who am I? (THINKS, THEN) I don't know.

But I know who I want to be. And I think you'll like him. (THEN) Hey, Brian?

BRIAN

Yeah?

Stewie touches Brian's arm.

STEWIE

(REALLY, REALLY SINCERE) Thanks for listening.

Stewie **scampers off**. A beat.

BRIAN

That is some effed-up ess.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - SAME

The family, minus Peter, watches TV.

LOIS

Quiet! Quiet! Your father's on!

ANGLE ON the TV.

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS (ON TV)

Peter's behind the desk addressing the camera.

PETER

You know what really grinds my gears?
This Britney Spears. She is so
unbelievably hot, and she's everywhere.

PETER (CONT'D)

But I'm not supposed to look at her,
'cause she's like half my age, and that
makes me a pervert. So, I gotta
pretend I admire her work as an
"artist." And, how 'bout when Kate
Hudson or Elizabeth Hurley are on the
cover of a magazine, naked, but y'know,
with their arms all wrapped around so
you can't see any good parts -- who is
that for, huh? I'm askin' you! 'Cause
it ain't me! Believe me, I've walked
in on my share of women naked, and they
never look like that: y'know, all "come
hither" and crap. So stop lying to us,
magazine people! Because we all know
that no woman anywhere wants to have
sex with anyone. And to titillate us
with any thoughts otherwise is, is just
bogus.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS

Uh, he is so right on. Women are such
teases. That's why I went back to men.

MEG

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Okay, Mom, thanks for
that. See you later.

Meg exits. Chris stays. He looks at Lois.

CHRIS

Go on...

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

Music plays as we see quick shots of Peter doing his newscast. Under the music is the following:

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CLEVELAND JR. sits in front of the TV.

CLEVELAND JR.

Daddy, come on! "Grind My Gears" is on!

CLEVELAND hurries in.

PETER (O.S.)

You know what really grinds my gears?
That professional black people are underrepresented in the media.

CLEVELAND

He says what we're all thinking.

PETER (O.S.)

It makes all of us forget that black people can be successful, too. When I see a black man driving an expensive Porsche I want to be able to say, "There goes a successful doctor or lawyer," not, "Hey, the Detroit Pistons must be in town."

Cleveland nods in agreement.

The Music takes us to...

INT. MAYOR WEST'S HOUSE - ANOTHER NIGHT

MAYOR WEST sits in his living room watching Peter on TV.

PETER (O.S.)

You know what really grinds my gears?
When I'm at the library and I'm
looking up a word in the dictionary
and then I see on page nine-hundred-
ten it says "go to page 512." So I
do, and then on 512 it says "go to
page 26." And then on 26 it says "go
to 391." Then on 391 it says "you are
this" and points to the word
"douchebag." That grinds my gears
because I'm not one of those.

Mayor West nods.

MAYOR WEST

Well put, Citizen Griffin. For I am
not a douchebag either. (THEN SECOND
GUESSING) Eye-ther. Eether. Eye-
ther. Eether. Eye-ther. It's
maddening.

The Music takes us to...

INT. STORMTROOPER HOUSE - ANOTHER NIGHT

Two STORMTROOPERS sit on the living room couch watching TV,
eating TV dinners on trays.

PETER (O.S.)

Another thing that grinds my gears is
when I can't find the droids I'm
looking for.

STORMTROOPER

Yeah, me too. What gives with that?

PETER (O.S.)

You know what else grinds my gears?
The Music takes us into...

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter is at the news desk.

PETER

People who still refer to a bundle of
sticks as a "faggot." You should
never use that word because it's very
offensive to French Canadians. And
that's what really grinds my gears.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Clear.

WIDEN TO REVEAL Tom and Diane. Tom stands. TOM'S ASSISTANT
walks up.

TOM

Remove my microphone.

Tom's Assistant blows by Tom to see Peter.

TOM'S ASSISTANT

Great job, Mr. Griffin!

He's followed by many others who ad-lib: "That grinds my
gears too," "You're great."

TOM

I'm not leaving here until someone
removes my microphone.

The group with Peter walks off.

TIME DISSOLVE:

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWSROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The lights are off. Tom is still standing there. A JANITOR
enters, pushing a broom. He looks up towards Tom.

JANITOR

You still here, faggot?

WIDEN TO REVEAL he is talking to a grizzled BUNDLE OF STICKS sitting at a desk nearby. The bundle of sticks smokes a cigarette as he works on a computer.

BUNDLE OF STICKS

When am I not here?

He takes a drag then stubs it out.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

Brian sits on the front step of the house, reading the paper. Stewie walks up behind Brian and starts to massage him.

BRIAN

What -- what are you doing?

STEWIE

Whoa, from the feel of it, working
through quite a few years of stress.
Oh, my god, you are so tense.

BRIAN

Don't do that. You can stop -- stop --
Stewie starts massaging with his elbow.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Hey.

STEWIE

Sorry, does this hurt? I'm not
surprised. A big knot there. I
should get a tennis ball...

Brian jumps up.

BRIAN

Okay, I'm good. Uh... you can't be
rubbing my back like that.

STEWIE

Hey... Stewie doesn't understand the
word "can't."

BRIAN

Okay, this has gone far enough.

STEWIE

What?

BRIAN

This phony nice guy crap. You're not fooling anybody.

STEWIE

Brian, I was once like you. Cynical. Paranoid. Unhappy. But I've learned to let go of my anger. And you'll get there, champ. You'll get there.

Stewie gently chucks Brian on the chin with his fist and **scampers** back inside. Brian lets out a **low growl**.

INT. GRIFFINS' DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The family eats dinner.

LOIS

Peter, you know how when I make chocolate chip cookies, sometimes I bake them too long and they're all crusty? How does that make you feel?

PETER

Yeah, I don't like them like that.

LOIS

Yes, but, when I mess them up, does it make you feel a certain way?

PETER

I guess it bothers me a little, not really though.

LOIS

Okay, but if you were really, really
bothered by it, what would that be
like?

Peter thinks a second, then...

PETER

I -- I don't know. I guess it
might... (SEARCHING) grind my gears?

LOIS

(OVERLY EXCITED) Yes! He said it!
Did you hear that kids? He said it
right at this table!

Lois **claps** her hands excitedly and **squeals** like a
schoolgirl.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Oooooooooo!

MEG

I can't believe my father's famous.

PETER

Oh, honey, there's been a lot of
famous Griffins. Like my ancestor
Prometheus Griffin.

EXT. MOUNT KAUKASOS - DAY (FLASHBACK)

PROMETHEUS GRIFFIN lies chained to Mount Kaukasos. A large
EAGLE hovers above him.

PROMETHEUS GRIFFIN

Hey, Mr. Eagle, what're you doing up
there? Don't you want some food?

The Eagle swoops down, lands on Prometheus Griffin and
starts eating his liver.

PROMETHEUS GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

(TREMENDOUS PAIN) Oh, god! Ahhhhh!!!

God help me!!! Ahhhhh!

The Eagle eats his liver and flies back up. Prometheus Griffins' liver immediately grows back.

PROMETHEUS GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Look at that, you stupid eagle. All better. Hehehehe. You must still be hungry, 'cause my liver's still here, stupid.

The Eagle flies back down and eats his liver again.

PROMETHEUS GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

AHHHH!!! Sonofabitch!!!! AHHHH!!

The Eagle flies back up. His liver grows back.

PROMETHEUS GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

(MOCK SURPRISE) Wha-- Ohhhh! Look at that. Hey, what's wrong, can't finish what you started? Dum-dum.

The Eagle flies back down.

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - MORNING

Brian is at the table reading the paper when Stewie enters.

BRIAN

Hey, Stewie, I'm doing your crossword. You were clearly working on it, but I decided to finish it anyway. Boy, does that piss you off.

STEWIE

That's okay.

Stewie picks up the newspaper and starts to read.

BRIAN

A four-letter word for "completed."
Gerf. I'm gonna write down "gerf."
And you know what, that works 'cause
it fills in "flink."

STEWIE

You're on fire!

Brian drops the crossword, annoyed.

INT. STEWIE'S BEDROOM - LATER

Stewie is there playing with Rupert, holding onto his
blankie. Brian enters.

BRIAN

Hey, there.

STEWIE

Hey, "B." Rupert and I were just
about to--

BRIAN

--Excuse me. Did you just call me
"B"?

STEWIE

Yes, "B," Rupert and I were just about
to dine on this mixture of Play-dough
and rug-hair. Care to join?

BRIAN

No, no, I wouldn't want to intrude. I
was just wondering if you'd mind if I
flossed my ass with this.

Brian reaches down and takes Stewie's blankie.

STEWIE

Oh. Well, uh... sure, if you'd like.

Brian looks at him. He can't believe Stewie's going to let him do it. He takes both ends and feeds it through his groin area. He "flosses" back and forth. No reaction from Stewie. Brian does it faster. Nothing.

BRIAN

Here you go. (TOSSES IT BACK) What'd
you think of that?

Stewie holds the blanket up to his face.

STEWIE

Mmm, warm and toasty. Like it's right
out of the dryer. Thank you.

Stewie smiles as Brian exits.

INT. STEWIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brian squats in Stewie's crib, his legs quivering. Stewie enters, as Brian "finishes." He climbs out of the crib.

BRIAN

Hey, Stewie.

STEWIE

I say, Brian, did you go poop in my
crib?

BRIAN

(FEIGNING SURPRISE) Oh, god, did I?
Sorry about that.

Stewie climbs up into his crib.

STEWIE

Oh, that is so convenient, because
Rupert is in the laundry. You know
what? I'm going to rest my head on
this poopie tonight. Because if I do
that... perhaps I'll dream of you.

Stewie lays down.

BRIAN

(SIGH) I concede.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's crowded. Other people wait for a table as Peter and Lois enter and approach the MAITRE'D.

PETER

Yes, table for two.

MAITRE'D

I'm sorry, we have a forty-five minute wait.

LOIS

Oh, isn't that too bad, honey?

Because I know waiting in line at a restaurant really (WITH EMPHASIS) grinds your gears.

MAITRE'D

Oh, my god! It's you! I loved your rant about how bread is square and bologna is round! (THEN) Oh, a table just opened up.

The Maitre'd leads them away.

ANGLE ON SARAH (from episode 2acx02) and her HUSBAND.

SARAH

Hey, we've been waiting!

HUSBAND

(WHISPERING) Shh. That's Michael Moore.

ANGLE ON the Maitre'D as he leads Peter and Lois over to Tom Tucker, who sits at a table alone.

MAITRE'D

Mr. Tucker, we need this table.

TOM

But I've already ordered.

MAITRE'D

Oh, we have a private booth set up for you. This way.

The Maitre'D leads Tom Tucker off.

TOM

(COLDLY) Griffin.

PETER

(COLDLY) Diane.

Peter and Lois take their seats.

LOIS

I can't believe we got a table at the hottest restaurant in town. Without a reservation! We really are moving up in the world.

PETER

Yeah, but I'd love to see what those private booths are like.

EXT. RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON a dumpster.

INT. DUMPSTER - CONTINUOUS

Tom sits at a tiny table inside the dumpster, eating his dinner. A BUSBOY swings a leaky bag of garbage into the dumpster, **spilling trash** all over Tom. Tom fumes. A beat later, an ATTRACTIVE WAITRESS approaches the dumpster.

ATTRACTIVE WAITRESS

Say, aren't you Tom Tucker?

TOM

(PERKS UP) Yes, yes, I am.

Tom winks at her, suavely.

ATTRACTIVE WAITRESS

We're gonna need this table. Vince
Gill is here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Brian sits on the couch, reading the paper with a drink.
Brian **twirls the ice** in his glass. Stewie sits building a
tower out of blocks. Silence, except for the sound of the
ice in Brian's drink **clinking** against the glass.

STEWIE

Nice day out.

The ice in Brian's glass **clinks**.

BRIAN

Mm-hmm.

STEWIE

Little warm. Perfect day for a cool drink.

A beat. **Clink clink**.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Oh, I ran into Rhonda Latimer at the
park. She says hi. She's great. I
really like her.

A beat. **Clink clink**.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Oh, there was something else I wanted
to ask you.

Stewie **slaps** Brian's glass out of his hand.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

(SNAPPING) WILL YOU STOP JINGLING YOUR
BLOODY ICE?!

BRIAN

Oh, that bothers you?

STEWIE

Yes, it bothers me! You bother me!

Stewie grabs Brian's newspaper, rolls it up and **hits** him.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

And that's for leaving the cruller in
my bed!

BRIAN

I knew you hadn't really changed.

STEWIE

Okay, so I was faking being nice! It's
not the worst thing I've ever done.

EXT./ESTAB. WRIGLEY FIELD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

A banner reads "Cubs vs. Marlins."

INT. WRIGLEY FIELD - SAME

Stewie is down the left field line at a Cubs game. A foul
ball is in the air. He nudges the guy next to him, STEVE.

STEWIE

Ooh, Steve! It's coming right at us!
Grab it!

STEVE

I don't know, this game's not over yet.

STEWIE

It's a foul ball! What harm can it do?!

INT. LIVING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

Brian heads to the liquor cabinet. Stewie follows.

STEWIE

Look, I don't want to go to hell, but
I can't fight my nature. I'm just a
hateful person.

BRIAN

You're not hateful, you just need to
control your anger. Like I do.

Brian pours himself a martini.

STEWIE

You mean by being sauced all day?

(REALIZES) Wait, wait, wait. That's it. That's how you do it. You're a rummy!

BRIAN

What? That's ridiculous.

STEWIE

That's the answer. If I'm drunk, I'll be calm, if I'm calm I'll be nice, and if I'm nice I won't go to hell! Fix me a high ball. I'm going to get good and tight.

BRIAN

Look, you can't drink. You're an infant. Besides, there are better ways to solve your problems.

STEWIE

Oh, I suppose you're right. Thanks, Brian. I was weak.

BRIAN

No problem.

Brian starts to exit. Stewie's eyes dart back and forth toward the bottle. He then quickly pours himself a shot and downs it.

STEWIE

Oh, my god. (BEAT) It's time for a sexy party.

Stewie throws on his YACHTING HAT and starts dancing, as Bacharach-style **music** plays and the room fills up with dancing GIRLS.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - MORNING

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

The family is eating breakfast. Stewie, already looking drunk, quickly pulls a flask out of his diaper, takes a pull, and puts it back in. He turns to Brian.

STEWIE

(SLURRING) So, Brian, I -- What?

BRIAN

I didn't say anything.

STEWIE

I thought, I thought you interrupted me. Don't interrupt me.

BRIAN

Are you okay?

STEWIE

I'm as okay as your face! (LAUGHS,
THEN WHEEZING) I'm so -- I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.

LOIS

So, honey, what are you going to rant about today? Could we get a little preview?

PETER

Oh, I got a good one, Lois. Parents who let their kids do anything they want. I'm in a restaurant, tryin' to enjoy my dinner.

PETER (CONT'D)

And little baby Junior son-of-a-bitch
is over there screamin' his head off
or usin' his Ninja Turtle to pick his
nose. Oh, thanks. Appetizing.
Parents need to control their kids.

REVEAL Stewie has climbed out of his high chair and is now standing on the kitchen counter.

STEWIE

Everybody look. I'm gonna do something
that's gonna freak you out! I'm gonna
jump from this shelf to my high chair.
Are you watching? Are you?

PETER

Stewie, don't interrupt. It grinds my
gears when you do that.

LOIS

(SQUEALING AND CLAPPING) Ooh, he said it!

STEWIE

You're go --, you're go --, you're
going to miss it.

Stewie jumps and hits the high chair at a fucked-up angle, taking the chair down with him, **breaking it** as he **lands**.

STEWIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(LAUGHS) Did you see it? Aw, dude,
look at this gash. Up the side of my
leg. I cut myself deep. It doesn't
hurt, though. What if we were all
this tall? Seriously, this tall. And
we all lived down here on the floor.

BRIAN

(QUICKLY) All right time for your nap
don't worry Lois I'll take him let's
go.

Brian grabs Stewie and pulls him into the living room.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian enters with Stewie.

STEWIE

God, what the hell? Why are we in
here? It's, it's rude to the other
people.

Stewie pulls away from Brian and tries to stand up straight
but wobbles.

BRIAN

You're drunk.

STEWIE

You're sexy.

BRIAN

Listen, you have to stop this. No
more drinking. I'm sorry I even put
it in your head.

STEWIE

I don't know what your problem is,
I've never felt better.

Stewie **barfs** all over Brian's chest.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Okay, now I've never felt better.

INT. CHANNEL 5 NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Peter sits behind the desk, preparing for his segment. Tom
approaches.

TOM

You know, Peter, there's gonna be a lot of people watching tonight. Better keep your balls on the prize. (BEAT) Eyeballs. On the ball. Eyes on the ball. (CLEARS THROAT) Take two. You know, Peter, there's gonna be a lot of people watching tonight. Best not screw up. Use take two.

PETER

Ah, don't worry about me, Tom. I'll be fine.

Tom walks away.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

We're on in three, two...

DIANE

And now it's time for "You Know What Really Grinds My Gears?" with Peter Griffin.

PETER

Thanks, Diane. (THEN, TO CAMERA) You know what really grinds my gears?

ANGLE ON Tom just off-camera. He's jumping around and making ridiculous faces at Peter.

PETER (CONT'D)

Those x-ray specs you used to buy out of the comics.

ANGLE ON Tom, whose shirt is now open, as he rubs his nipples and continues to make faces.

PETER (CONT'D)

I save up forever to buy those and when I finally get 'em yesterday I couldn't see the inside of my son's belly to see if he'd eaten the last Nilla Wafer, 'cause I told him I wanted it.

ANGLE ON Tom, who now holds a picture of Lois. He "makes out" with it and then rubs it against his groin.

PETER (CONT'D)

Boy, I tell ya, that really grinds my gears.

ANGLE ON Tom.

TOM

Pay attention to me, I'm trying to ruin you!!

Two SECURITY GUARDS grab Tom and haul him O.S.

PETER

You know what else grinds my gears? That every person who's in a porno movie is called a porn star. 'Cause everybody knows that Helen Hills is not yet a star. She's more of a porn character-actor.

INT. CHANNEL 5 STATION MANAGER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The security guards bring Tom in. The STATION MANAGER (from episode 1ACX12) sits at his desk.

TOM

You wanted to see me, sir?

STATION MANAGER

You're fired, Tom. Turn in your press
pass and your moustache.

A beat. Tom realizes it's over. He pulls a press pass out of his pocket and drops it on the desk. He then PULLS OFF HIS MOUSTACHE and drops that on the desk, too. He exits.

EXT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - LATER

Brian pulls up and parks out front. Stewie is drinking from his bottle, filled with scotch.

STEWIE

What are we doing here?

BRIAN

You like being drunk? Fine, I'm going
to get you so drunk, you'll never want
to drink again. Come on.

He and Stewie get out of the car. Brian walks into the Clam. Stewie sets his bottle on the front corner of the car's hood (A la the scene from "Arthur"). He then stops, turns and attempts to catch the non-falling bottle. Then, satisfied that it's stable, walks toward the bar, brushing the side of a bush.

STEWIE

Sorry about tha-- oh, you're a hedge.

He staggers into the bar.

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - SHORTLY AFTER

Tom Tucker sits at the bar, drinking by himself, still without a mustache.

TOM

(TO HIMSELF, QUIETLY MISERABLE) Hi,
I'm Tom Tucker. I'm Tom Tucker. I'm
still Tom Tucker, dammit.

ANGLE ON Brian and Stewie who sit at a table. HORACE brings over two martinis.

BRIAN

Thanks, Horace.

HORACE

(RE: STEWIE) Hey, is he eighteen?

BRIAN

Horace, the drinking age is twenty-one.

HORACE

Oh.

Horace walks off. Brian and Stewie take their drinks. Brian eats his olive. Stewie places his on the table.

STEWIE

Okay, to, uhm, wait -- (MAKING A TOAST) To Rosa Parks. Your passive-aggressiveness is an inspiration to us all.

Brian and Stewie both drink.

PUSH IN on the olive. We **TIME DISSOLVE**. There are now four olives on the table.

PULL OUT again to reveal Brian and Stewie now very drunk. Stewie **sings** "Danny Boy" in a perfect falsetto.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

BUT COME YE BACK WHEN SUMMER'S IN THE
MEADOW, OR WHEN THE VALLEY'S HUSHED
AND WHITE WITH SNOW / 'TIL I'LL BE
HERE IN SUNSHINE OR IN SHADOW / DANNY
BOY, OH DANNY BOY, I LOVE YOU SO.

Stewie finishes. Brian tries to inconspicuously wipe a tear away.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Was that good?

BRIAN

Oh, god. Thank you, man.

They five each other front and back.

TIME DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - LATER

There are now eight olives on top of a game table. **PULL OUT** to reveal Stewie and Brian sitting at a table PAC-MAN game. Stewie's playing. Brian's screaming at him, overly excited.

BRIAN

Get the fruit! It's more points!

STEWIE

I'm not going to get the frui--

BRIAN

Get the fruit!

STEWIE

I'm not going to get the fruit there's
a ghost right there!

Stewie loses the point.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Dammit! Stupid!

Stewie stands up on the stool and **kicks** the machine. He head butts it and **cracks** the glass. Horace looks over.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Your -- your machine's broken, man.

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - LATER

Brian and Stewie are about to leave the Clam. Brian has a big bag of olives with toothpicks.

STEWIE

I can't believe you saved all those.

BRIAN

Lois -- Lois -- You think Lois will
like these?

STEWIE

You love Lois!

BRIAN

Shut up.

STEWIE

Gimme the keys. You're in no shape to drive. You're too drunk.

BRIAN

I am -- uh... you're right. Here.

Here you go.

Stewie and Brian exit. Moments later, Brian's car **crashes** through the wall. After the sound dies down, there's a beat.

STEWIE

Shhh.

INT. CHANNEL FIVE NEWSROOM - NIGHT

Diane is wrapping up a segment.

DIANE

And that's it for sports. Now let's go to Ollie Williams for the Blaccu-weather forecast.

ANGLE ON OLLIE WILLIAMS, who stands in front of a weather map.

OLLIE WILLIAMS

Gonna be fair to partly cloudy!

BACK ON Diane.

DIANE

Thanks, Ollie. And now let's go to Peter Griffin with "You Know What Really Grinds My"--

Suddenly Tom Tucker rushes in, sans mustache.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Tom? What are you doing? You don't work here anymore.

TOM

Well, Diane, I have an exclusive story
(SHEEPISHLY) And I can't figure out
how to check my e-mail from home.

DIANE

Oh, you have to enable cookies--

TOM

(EXASPERATED) I tried that! (THEN)

Roll tape!

INT. DRUNKEN CLAM - NIGHT (ON TV)

Brian and Stewie sit in the car, which has just crashed
through the wall.

TOM (V.O.)

This was the scene at the Drunken Clam
last night as a car driven by an
intoxicated infant caused thousands of
dollars worth of damage.

BRIAN

(TO HORACE) Put this on my tab.

STEWIE

It was like it all slowed down, and I
was like "Whoooooah," but I couldn't
stop it.

INT. CHANNEL FIVE NEWSROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

TOM

And who is the father of the child in
that car?

PETER

(RAISING ARM, EAGER) Ooh, Tom, I know
this! Tom, over here! Tom!

TOM

The man you all respect so much: your beloved Peter Griffin.

PETER

(ASIDE TO DIANE) Good thing he didn't call on me. I was gonna say Bill Cosby.

DIANE

Thank you, Tom. (THEN) And now neglectful father and Quahog's newest social pariah, Peter Griffin with another segment of "Grind My Gears." Peter?

PETER

Thank you, Diane. You know what really grinds my gears? People in the nineteenth century. Why don't they get with the goddamn program? It's called an automobile, folks. It's much faster than a horse --

The Station Manager walks up and hands Peter a piece of paper.

PETER (CONT'D)

Oh, well it appears I've been fired. Well, as long as I'm no longer working here, lemme tell you somethin': Y'know what really grinds my gears? You, America. With your f(BLEEP) cowboy boots and your corn on the cob. Hey, I got some corn for ya. Why don't you get down off your riding mowers and come and get it? It's in the john at my house.

PETER (CONT'D)

And hey -- nice f(BLEEP) hat you got there, America. What does it say, John Deere? Well, that is classy. Hey, I got somethin' you can wear. It's in the john at my house. Y'know, if you can get yourself outta bed before two in the afternoon. Hey, what are you eatin' there, America? Oh, you havin' some Froot Loops? Ah. How're those Froot Loops, America? They good? Yeah, that's a real nutritious breakfast you got there in that bowl. Hey, I got a bowl for ya. It's in the john at my house. F(BLEEP) you. And that's what really grinds my gears. Diane?

The two Security Guards come in and haul Peter O.S. The Station Manager turns to Tom.

STATION MANAGER

Hey, Tom. Catch.

IN SLOW MOTION, the Station Manager tosses Tom his moustache. Tom jumps up "catching it" right on his upper lip.

TOM

(PETS MOUSTACHE) Did you miss Daddy?

No, it's all right, it's all right.

Oh, you're shaking.

INT. STEWIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The covers are over Stewie's head. We just see a lump under the covers. Brian enters.

BRIAN

You awake?

STEWIE

(UNDER COVERS) Go away!

BRIAN

A little hung over?

STEWIE

(UNDER COVERS) I'm never going to drink again. Ever! (THEN) I mean, I may have an occasional Creme de Menthe, but that's about it.

As Brian pulls the covers off Stewie:

BRIAN

Look, kid you can't stay in bed all --
Oh, god, you're nude!

STEWIE

I am? What happened to my clothes?

Stewie looks down at his chest where, "Property of Roger Moore" is written.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

Good lord, what the hell did I do last night?

BRIAN

I hope you learned something from all this.

STEWIE

I sure did, Brian. It seems I'm still finding myself. But for the moment, I've just got to accept that I'm an angry boy who'll occasionally try to burn down a house or toss a poison dart at his mother.

STEWIE (CONT'D)

After all, I can't let one near-death experience change my whole life, can I?

BRIAN

I'm glad you finally figured that out. Although, I will say for the record, you're a pretty fun drunk.

STEWIE

Well, thank god there were no long-term repercussions.

EXT./ESTAB. ROGER MOORE'S MANSION - DAY

The mailbox reads "Roger Moore."

INT. ROGER MOORE'S MANSION - SAME

CLOSE ON a slip of paper reading "Stewie: 555-0143."

WIDEN TO REVEAL ROGER MOORE sitting in his mansion, holding the paper.

ROGER MOORE

(TO HIMSELF) Got to play this one right, Roger. Can't seem desperate. Wait three days. That's the rule. (BEAT) Oh, god, I want to talk to him now.

Roger grabs a phone and starts **dialing**, then abruptly **hangs up**.

ROGER MOORE (CONT'D)

Damn!

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW